Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor; ſuite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſervance, that you ore-ſtep not the modeſtie of Nature: For any thing ſo ore-done is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to ſhew vertue her feature, ſcorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have ſeene play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, not to ſpeak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Natures Journy-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let thoſe that play your Clownes ſpeake no more than is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren ſpectators to laugh too, though in the meane time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pitifull ambition in the Foole that uſes it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, and Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. Will you two help to haſten them.

Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt thoſe two.*

Ham. What hoe, *Horatio?*

Hora. Here ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as juſt a man
As ere my converſation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? why ſhould the poor be flattered?

No,

No, let the candied tongue licke abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning: doeſt thou heare?
Since my deare ſoule was Miſtris of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
Sh'ath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe: for thou haſt bin
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing;
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'n with equall thanks: and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and judgement are ſo well comedled
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: give me that man
That is not paſſions ſlave, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I have told thee of my Fathers death;
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that Act on foot
Even with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Doe not it ſelfe unkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy: give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joine
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this Play is playing
And ſcape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play, I muſt be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Couſin *Hamlet.*

Ham. Excellent ifaith,
Of the Cameleons diſh, I eat the aire,